1936 VI

Sunday Monks Horton 5th Jan 1936

Very sorry yr've been so bad. Hope
yr're better. I've been in a sort of
bed all the past week with a
bad headache. So went attempt
to write.

Yr account of G.A.V. is full of
interest. Ha. I cant understand this
Harold, he says. Thing. She's
leaving the family business!
Coming to me in London – will
Harold, he says.

But we shall stay – here a long as
we can. I mint say I dont
want to be woken range of the
telephone again.

But no more at the moment.
The pain is gone ok. but oh the
Wednesday! And do let warm &
Yours ever Yr voice was
perfect V.

Saturday
52 - T. S. 12,
11. Jan 36

Excuse these holes: meant to take notes on; cant find a proper page.

Yr. Thul dear, that would be very
very kind of you, to lend me the
Daudet book. If you could put it in a
parcel, send it me, I'll return it
honestly. A French memoir; my
idea of bliss; I can read French when my
own English has gone — as God knows it
has gone — flat as last Sundays last
muffin. I'm known what I'm
reading — merely to pacify myself — all
Borrow. And very good too. —
For instance he has just gone up to the
top of Snowdon with his daughter in the
year 1854, the says, that plant is
Auricular Generata, Papa:
(No, I can't convey the Harrow) when about
he bursts into a few strains of Welsh song.

And meanwhile they are surrounded by ordinary English tourists. And there was a little booth on top of Snowdon where refreshments were served — But they won't amuse you as much as it amuses me. But Lord, how I wish I could write that particular racy English eccentric East Anglian non conformist style. It enchants me as Hardy does — another refuge in time of headache — his French mayor — the most book in the language — I finished without stopping to other negus — As for me, we are in Carlton, & I'm keeping myself to myself as they say. A restful calm spread about the new year as about the new moon — Pale silver light; & I ride my chariot like the witch with a broomstick in the picture, bidding Lyfbed Coleby adieu. Did I tell you how the invalid me, was found out? No — And [illegible] now nor the time either. There a Madame D'Eloyes who gave a party. But no, I wont spoil the story I'm amused about Rita — I don't think she will ever Come back, wholly: Think G. answers something deeper in her than I ever did. Party, the leaves. Is your book done? Your cold finished? Oh I'm so Speechless — but, as for the heart, Thats Gold. V.

Rota 2.4.63

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Could anyhow have it back?

Monday
13 Jan 36

Ethel, could I ask of you a very great kindness (but no, God's name, only if you have time, aren't tired) — that is to scribble down roughly a translation of the enclosed maundering? As you see, the woman begs me to get it translated by a German scholar- ~~Her~~ Aldous Huxley who is dabbling in psychology & so on, asked me to let this: according to him inspired palmist read my hand: which I did very reluctantly: still more reluctantly had her 2 guineas (but this drawn out of Germany — a Jewess) & now find that he wants to include what I repeat is sheer, mere drivel in a book of hands. ~~He~~ But only do this if so ~~such~~ inclined: I can get some other scholar easily. Yrs in haste ~~Kitty~~ V

(The Years)

52 T.S. Monday
18th ~~At~~ Jan.

You are an angel, there's no doubt about it—
that—when to your noble kindness in translating
that magic Statement. It read to me a
letter love like the kind of lecture on the Nature
of Fairies Mercy that Earent Jerry men
sometimes deliver at Huddersfield. But
She'd only read—without knowing it mine—
Mrs Dalloway. I gave her two leaves though;
I filtered through from the Uxbridge—Hughes,
brave effort—to Earn 2 Guineas. I suppose the
must publish it, Can you—and when we meet
in Heaven—how does your religion Envisage Heaven?—
I shall pick a Poem of Archibald. Just as
your button hole by way of thanks. Please
inform me, by return, if Archibald & Battersby
with to recognised there. (I'm clipping into
a man called Metaggart, a philosopher—a
am surprised to find how interesting mystici
Hegelianism is to me) But to come

to Jack. About your visit: do please come: only
this is my regime at present: I must work
from 5 to 6 or thereabouts; the book must be
sent off in the middle of Feb: & then
I must go & get home to Italy. And
some days I try to do an interesting comma
passages, separating sentences — oh the
drudgery — think of my 130,000 words! —
Feb 7. I wd. arrange tho' I knew. Not this week.
Cinq heures, a stylish dinner. Thank rather charming
young woman, Marchesa Iris Origo, daughter
Lady Sybil Lubbock (Villa Medici Fiesole) want to
meet you. She's coming
more than anything to meet you.
on Monday 28th. Could you come about (5)?
Could you arrange to stay the night? We do so would
love to see you. Then you could have
a good talk & meet Dr Jordan's
friend Vernon Lee
L. & L.: : L. has read it:
I've not.
give us much pleasure.
There's another, Rosamund Lehmann (wrote Dusty Answer)
NYPL
also asks can I bring you
to tea? She's a beauty in
the Botticelli

Rota 2.4.63

Royal Funeral Jan 23. 1936

52. T.S. Monday

Thanks very much for sending, & asking
you Jerbs - to lend, the book: Dudek's Coby
hasn't come - I'm just byun. I shall
continue till they fails. what wont
I think be very long. We Wonder the Sq.
Tree the heave: ah London suddenly
in an alarm of loyalty - & democracy
jumped the Sq. reeling, old greybeards
Cadres - taking them at a flying leap,
& though some Stalwarts held the fails,
the mob was on us, & Leonard whoris -
Democrat was Squeaked between 5 Sat
Grocer. This shows how enthusiastic
Coburn Hearn was: & shah went by in 2
minutes, the crown glittering blue -
white, & the long yellow leopards stretched

over the coffee. In fact it was in its way, as they
say, rather a magnificent, perfectly simple
sight. Then there was a pause: then a
vast regal omnibus in which sat an
old woman clasping a parrot's cage. How
English!

But this is dreadful — we go to Canterbury
via Redmell this week-end. I have to speak to a
meeting of young men. I shall take a member of the
Sacred — d'ye call it Edifice? Then back home.
Then on Monday the tea party & for the woman
who wants to meet you: & which Colefax has
now invited herself. I make no plans & am
glad I can't meet Hodge on, or,
though this incredibly dreary man & typed
typed sheets: & then there'll be the proofs!
Never again, oh never again. And
what about yours! And when shall I
read them? And do you still wheeze!

V.

I'm so sorry for Ly Balfour.

Rotn 2.4.13